The Wellesley Magazine

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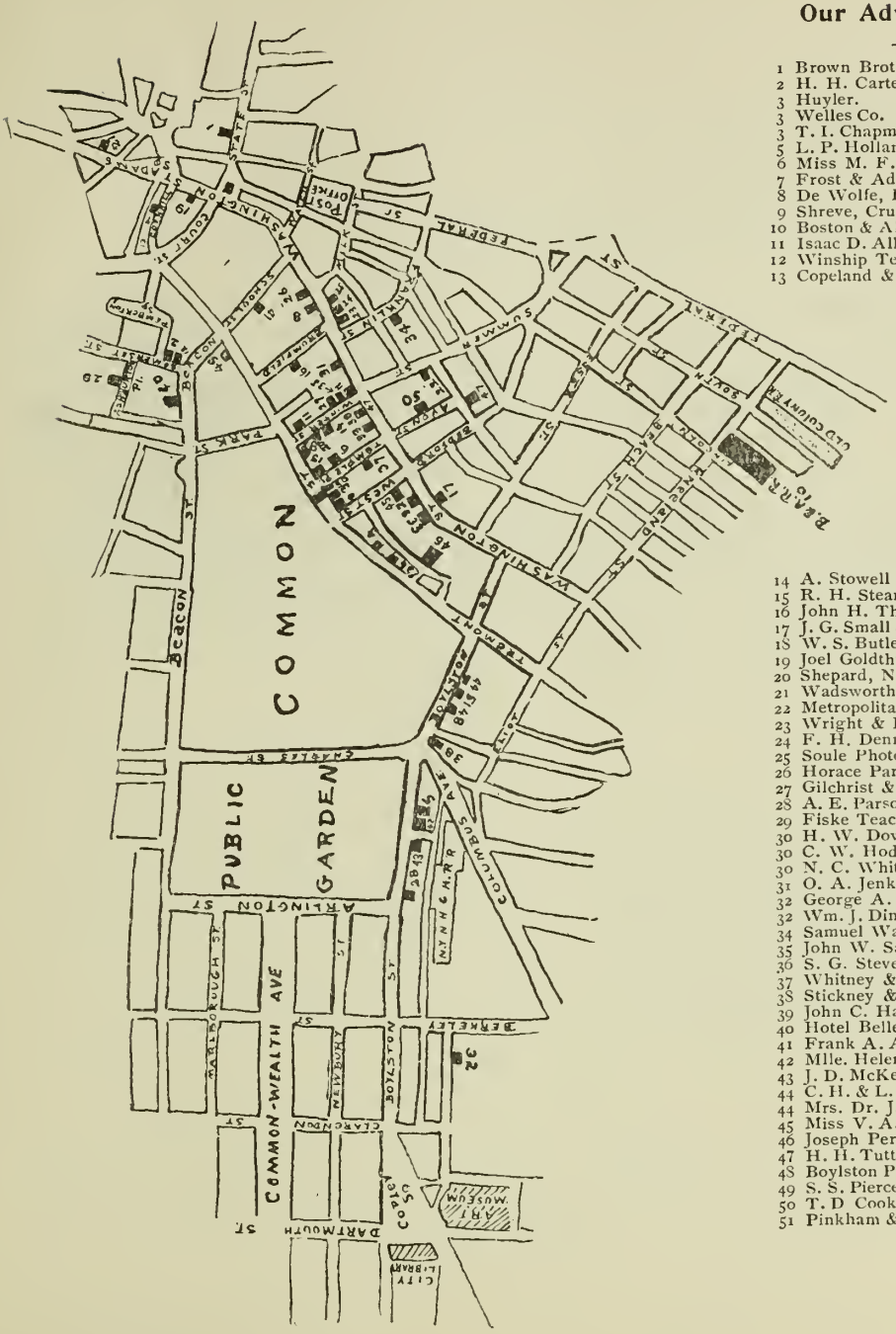

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A GENUINE GHOST STORY.

PREFATORY NOTE.

IN spite of the fact that I have never belonged to a psychological society whose business it was to ferret out wraiths and phantoms, I have always cherished a few ghosts—done them up in lavender, so to speak. I like all varieties of apparitions, from that dusky-mantled Samuel whom the witch of Endor did not summon, down to Poe's unhappy Madeleine, whom they put "living in the tomb." One day, not so long ago, I made a valuable addition to my collection of ghost stories. Having the tale at second-hand it is quite impossible for me to be accurate in the setting or various details; yet, as the main outlines are true, it is quite allowable for my readers to give themselves up to the luxury of cold shivers or any other accessory of a genuine ghost story.

. . . . . .

Once upon a time, perhaps five or six years ago, an American family was traveling in Germany. By a series of accidents they happened upon a

quaint little town far from the beaten roads of travel. It had ivy-grown ruined walls and was overshadowed by an ivy-grown ruïned castle. The streets were unevenly paved and absurdly crooked. The houses were rich with carving, and they had oriel windows, tiled roofs, and high, overhanging gables. There were antique churches, grotesque fountains, and images of the saints galore. But best of all the folk were as quaint as the town, and not a tourist, with his telltale Baedeker peeping from his pocket, was to be seen. There is some German legend that tells of a wicked city which found it a bore and bother to keep holy one day from every seven. So the people decided to devote to their religious duties only one day in a century. And the gods were angry, and the wicked city was swallowed up, like proud Korah's troops. But one day in a hundred years the buried city rises to the surface, and until twelve that night the doomed burghers prosecute the trades for which they sold their souls. Our American travelers wondered if the seventeenth of July were not the fatal date, and this quiet German town into which they had come, the unhappy city; for in all their travels they had found nothing so mediæval, not even Eisenach or Nuremberg.

They had some difficulty finding an inn; so when mine host said there were no rooms at the Golden Eagle, they felt somewhat perturbed. But he had no intention of losing such a goodly party; he was only slow in revealing his plans, like Providence. By degrees he explained that the inn was often filled, but the Schloss never; so he made an inn of that, and a good one it was, too. Our friends felt dubious as to their German when he talked of sending them to a castle, but questioning proved that such was really his plan. So there being a romantic person or two in the company, and moreover nothing else to do, the travelers accepted the guide the innkeeper chose and drove off, like Don Quixote, in search of adventure.

Up the steep hillsides the horses toiled, the road winding about, shut in with oaks and chestnuts and a tangle of bushes and ferns. It made one think of the forest the good fairy caused to grow up around the palace of the Sleeping Beauty. Finally they reached the top, and passing under a ruined archway found themselves in the castle court. The buildings had once surrounded the court on three sides; now all was in ruins save one wing. From the entrance to that portion came a little old woman. She wore a big bunch of

keys, and made innumerable courtesies. Something seemed to disturb her, however, for twice she was overheard murmuring to the innkeeper's boy: "Why did they come to-night? This is the seventeenth of July!"

Dame Barbara left her guests in her own simple quarters while she prepared their rooms; then she led the way through the dim, silent corridors. A blazing fire and several candles made the sitting room cheerful. There were tapestry-hung walls, an oak-paneled ceiling, and a high carven chimney-piece, with above it a coat of arms. The cloth was laid for supper, and it seemed as if even sour milk and pumpernickel must taste delicious served from the quaint-figured china. It was all very cozy, if they were in a ruined castle, the travelers thought; and then what an experience to sleep in the stronghold of a long line of barons! If they had not been so thoroughly tired from a hard day's journey, I doubt not they would have sat far into the night around the embers of their fire, telling weird tales and imagining all sorts of fantasies such as a hoary ruin should bring up to us spick and span, varnished Americans. But even the romantic young lady was too drowsy for the briefest of reveries; so it happened that at an early hour each one was slumbering peacefully beneath his light mountain of fluffy down.

In this American party there was a very young gentleman. He was no Lord Fauntleroy, however; in fact, he bore a much closer resemblance to Blanche Amory's "pretty baby brother." He was accustomed to a glass of milk at some unearthly hour of the night. Usually this requirement was foreseen and provided for, but somehow, during this unusual evening, the milk had been forgotten. Toward midnight every one was made aware that this was an exceedingly unfortunate omission. After ringing several times to no effect, some one volunteered to go to Dame Barbara's room. It seemed rather gruesome wandering through those dark, lonely passages, and the girl was glad when she reached the end of her journey. Imagine her surprise to find the place quite empty and the bed undisturbed. Dame Barbara had gone elsewhere for the night. A wee, shriveled old woman could scarcely be much protection, yet somehow our friend's heart sank within her, and it was not merely on account of the imperious young gentleman, who, by the way, had dropped off to sleep the instant the door closed behind her.

Just then the slow, deep tones of a village clock began to toll the

hour of twelve, and half unconsciously the girl pulled aside the curtain. How stately the gray ruin looked in the mellow moonlight! Hark! what was that? As the last stroke of midnight died away there came a long, silvery note that made one think of elfin music. She glanced toward the road, but its windings were hidden by the trees. The clattering of horses' hoofs, however, came nearer and nearer, and presently beneath the arched gateway rode a brilliant cavalcade. There were knights with long plumes and glittering armor; fair ladies in quaint headdresses and embroidered cloaks; richly caparisoned horses, and hosts of attendants in strange, picturesque garbs. With shouts and merry laughter they passed across the courtyard. Lo! the whole castle was ablaze with lights to receive them. Where were the gray ruins now? Each bastion and battlement was in the prime of its strength, and from every turret waved a pennon.

The girl stayed no longer. Snatching her candle she made the best of her way to her friends. The moonlight flooded the room, and showed their awestruck faces; they, too, had seen the cavalcade.

And now the castle was filled with sounds of revelry. There was music, crashing of glasses, and the sound of dancing feet. But see! through the open gateway rides at full speed a knight; he is all in sable, and his visor is down. One hears him and his followers as with clashing armor they stride through the halls. These are unlike the other revellers. Still the music, and dancing, and drinking of healths go on. Suddenly a sound is heard as of a heavy door thrown violently open. The music stops, and there is confusion and uproar. Hoarse shouts are heard, the clashing of swords, dull thuds as of bodies hurled to the wall, and the cries of women. The din grows madder and madder, echoing and re-echoing through the halls of the castle. Finally, at the height of the uproar, one wild, ringing shriek is heard,—the shriek of a woman,—and then all is still.

So still it is that for a moment no one dare break the silence. Then some one points to the window. There are the gray ruins, calm and stately in the mellow moonlight. Has it all been a dream? just a midnight fantasy?

. . . . . .

In the morning Dame Barbara appeared, with many courtesies and the breakfast. She hoped they hadn't needed her in the nighttime; her grand-

daughter had been ill, and she was obliged to leave her post of duty. And did they leave that day? Perhaps, then, they would like to see the rest of the castle? So they followed her through cobweb-hung corridors and up and down winding stairways. Lastly they came to a great hall, which, from the view, seemed directly above their rooms of the night before. The dust was thick everywhere, and an indefinable something made them feel that they were wrongfully invading the precincts of the past. Old Barbara was shivering, too. There was a story connected with this place, she said, of a baron's lovely daughter. On the wedding evening, when they were dancing in this very hall, a disappointed lover had rushed in and stabbed the bridegroom to the heart. The bride had uttered a terrible cry and fallen dead beside her husband. She paused, crossed herself, and then continued, her voice sinking to a whisper: "And they say that every seventeenth of July—that was the wedding night—the ghosts come back, and the wedding and murder take place just as they did three hundred years ago!"

But the horses were coming up the hill, to take the travelers away. In a few minutes they had looked their last on the melancholy ruin and the quaint village beneath. As the last tower faded from sight, the sage of the party was heard murmuring some words from his favorite, Dr. Johnson:—

"That the dead are seen no more, I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages and all nations. This opinion, which, perhaps, prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth; those that never heard of one another would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience can make credible."

THEODORA KYLE.

THE LIFE OF THE PEOPLE AS GIVEN IN THE NORTHERN TALES OF WILLIAM MORRIS.

WILLIAM MORRIS could find nothing in the nineteenth century to satisfy his artistic and poetic cravings. By the side of modern vulgarity, conventionality, ugliness, and oppression, he could see nothing beautiful or true. He took no delight in lovely English parks, and country houses, and castles, because beside them, in his mind's eye, he saw always the wretched hut of

the day laborer, or the crowded, noisy rooms of the factory. He found no comfort in the beauty of the daintily nurtured English girl, or in the bold spirit and splendid physique of her brother. He could not see them for the faces of men made hideous by servility or stupidity and cringing fear. He belonged to the time when all the world was young and more care-free. He was like Ogier the Dane, come back to live with a degenerate posterity. "Born out of his due time," he found his days empty and valueless.

From the vacancy of the present he turned to other times for the tales that he should tell. In those times he sought for the beauty and the fearlessness of which he felt the lack. He sang of Jason, Alcestis, Venus, Cupid, and Psyche, or he turned to the north and told tales of Sigurd, Gudrun, and Brynhilde. If he grew tired of retelling old stories he let his imagination go free, and built against ancient backgrounds such beautiful stories as "The Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon," or "The Wood Beyond the World," or "The Glittering Plain." Occasionally he drew the grotesquely hideous, like the dwarfs in "The Wood Beyond the World"; but rarely did he give us anything as wretched or unsightly as the old hag and her murderer husband in "The Fostering of Aslaug." He tells one beautiful tale after another, until the mind of the listener fairly wearies of the delights of the senses.

With the true pagan element in his nature, Morris painted easily scenes from both northern and southern mythologies, yet he sympathized most thoroughly with the northern peoples. In all, he gave us stories of three distinct periods,—the mythological, the early Teutonic, and the Peasant Revolt in England. He told the story of the ancient heroes in "Sigurd the Volsung" and "The Fostering of Aslaug." He showed us the men of the Mark in the "House of the Wolfings," and he gave us the motif of the rising of the peasants in "The Dream of John Ball." He had the spirit of one of the old Vikings. He loved the fearless life and adventures of the northern heroes and markmen, and he rejoiced in the fierce spirit of independence with which the English peasants rebelled against the exactions of the nobles.

Morris, however, loved the northern tales, not only for the breezy air of freedom that blew through them, but also for the opportunities they gave him for painting beautiful pictures. "Sigurd the Volsung" and "The Fostering of Aslaug" are stories of the old sagas transfigured. They, the

old and the new versions, are like the same landscape before and after the sunrise. There are the same men, houses, trees, and water; but over the one is the gray light of early dawn, and over the other shine the golden rays of the sun, while the colors of the sunrise glow in the sky.

In the old saga women are dismissed with the word fair. Compare with this meagre description Morris's Queen Gudrun :—

> "And there is Gudrun, his daughter, and light she stands by the board,
> And fair are her arms in the hall as the beaker's flood is poured.
> She comes and the earls keep silence; she smiles and men rejoice;
> She speaks and the harps, unsmitten, thrill faint to her queenly voice."

Or with his Aslaug,

> "She stood; one gleaming lock of gold
> Strayed from her fair head's plaited fold
> Full far below her girdlestead;
> And round about her shapely head
> A garland of dog violet
> And wind-flowers sweetly had she set.
> . . . . .
> Of willows was her only belt;
> And each as he gazed at her felt
> As some gift had been given him."

Or compare the two descriptions of the entrance of Odin into the wedding feast of Signy. In the old saga it is, "Whereas men sat by the fires in the evening, a certain man came into the hall, unknown of aspect to all men; and such like array he had that over him was a spotted cloak; and he was barefoot, and had linen breeches knit tight even to the bone; and he had a sword in his hand as he went up to the Branstock, and a slouched hat upon his head; huge he was, and seeming ancient and one-eyed." In Morris's verson it is rendered,—

> "Then into the Volsung dwelling, a mighty man there strode,
> One-eyed, and seeming ancient, yet bright his vision glowed;
> Cloud blue was the hood upon him, and his kirtle gleaming gray
> As the latter morning sundog, when the storm is on the way."

The most striking example, however, of this power of the imagination is one too long to quote here. It is the description of the birth of Sigurd. Out of the bald statement of the saga of the birth of the Volsung and of the giving of his name, Morris makes a beautiful scene of the maternal love and pride, and of the joy for a man-child born into the world.

In the "House of the Wolfings," Morris indulges still in the love of form and color. The Word-Sun is radiant with more than earthly beauty. The Hall-Sun, with her slender figure and lovely dark hair and gray eyes, moves about the hall of the Wolfings tending her lamp, or utters prophetic visions as the men depart for the war. Yet here Morris revels more in a beauty of another kind,—in the beauty of unmarred fearlessness and friendliness. Out of the scanty records of the Marklands, Morris has woven a beautiful tale of the free. In the hall of the Wolfings dwell all the men and women of the Wolfings, and no one rules except by wisdom and courage. In the Thing of the Mark meet all the men of the Mark, and no one is chief except he be called by the voice of the people. There is no struggling or envying among them, because there seems to be no fear. The men of the Mark embody, in reality, the life for which John Ball looked "where man shall help man, and the saints in heaven shall be glad because men shall no more fear each other."

In the "Dream of John Ball," the poet looks from the picturesqueness of the scene to the friendliness and gay independence of the people, and he knows not which he loves more. His fancy delights in the trimness and neatness of the fields, the fresh carvings of the chancel of the church, the quaint devices and decorations in the houses of the people, even in the embroidered collar and wrist bands of the black gown he finds upon himself. He stops even in the midst of his dream and wonders at the strange beauty of his surroundings; and he contrasts with it, in his own mind, the sordidness which surrounded his waking hours in London. He rests in the frank hospitality of the people, in their undaunted courage and confidence before the fight, and in their devotion to the Fellowship, with a content that is all the deeper because he knows that he is separated by only the thinness of a dream from days where little of these are to be found.

In the central picture of the tale, however, he adds to these a spiritual beauty which he seldom reaches elsewhere. Against a glowing, late afternoon sky stands the figure of a cross bearing on its upper part a crucifix set among leaves. In front of the cross, and on the octagonal platform upon which it rests, is a tall dark figure crowned by a tonsured head. Out of the smooth ascetic face look strangely fascinating eyes. By turns they light up with a kindly smile as they catch the glance of a comrade, and by turns they gaze far away into the distance as if they saw strange visions. Around the

foot of the cross is gathered a motley crowd of men with upturned faces, intent upon the words of the prophet figure before them. The blues and reds and greens of their costumes show brightly in the beams of the low sun. In the forefront of the crowd, in a dark robe, is Morris's own spirit rapt in admiration of the man he has called up from the past. The face of the warrior priest glows with unworldly beauty, as he talks to them of the Fellowship, the fellowship of Holy Church, to which none who oppress, none but the brothers of Piers Plowman, can belong.

"And fellowship," he says, "is heaven, and lack of fellowship is hell; and fellowship is life, and lack of fellowship is death." These words are the keynote of the book. To it they give the spiritual beauty of a love that seeketh not her own, "but goes even unto death for the sake of the brothers in danger."

Thus over the stories of the great Volsung, the Wolfings, and the peasant, Morris has thrown the strong light of his imagination. He has clothed their bare outline with a beauty of form, and sound, and color; warmed them with love, and developed the strong, fearless spirit of their freedom. He allows nothing to remain ugly. With the keen eyes of his sympathy, he sees the lovely and the true underneath, and with loving care he brings it to the light.

When Morris has laid such a stress on the beauty and the fearlessness to be found in the tales that he tells, the question arises whether he has expressed the true life of the people.

Into the story of "Sigurd the Volsung," the nineteenth century has inserted at least one line. In the time of the old Volsunga Saga, the people meant the kings with their women and fighting men. All below were ignored or scorned. The thrall alone is mentioned in the epic, and he is used only to contrast his cowardice with the courage of the red men. Yet into the story of "Sigurd the Volsung," this line has crept, "There no great store had the franklin and enough the hireling had." In the times of the saga the kings of men did not think anything about the franklins and hirelings. The bards would never have allowed men so insignificant to appear in the songs of the heroes.

Morris's Sigurd, too, forgets to avenge his father's death before he goes to slay the dragon Fafnir. In the saga this is his first care. It is the great-

est point of honor with the northern heroes to demand satisfaction for the blood of their kin. That passion of the heart which was strong enough to make Signy, the woman, forget her loyalty to her husband, her womanly shame, and her love for her own children, could not have been lacking in the most perfect of heroes. When Morris's Sigurd omits this first of all duties, he proves that he was not born in mythological times.

In comparing the two stories of the Volsunga Saga and "Sigurd the Volsung" as wholes, however, there are two great differences to be noted. The first of these is that the coarseness and brutality of the elder version are toned down in the later tale. The Volsunga Saga gives strong evidence that the greed of gold was an acknowledged motive in the minds of the greatest of heroes. The reason for the slaying of Regin, which was most strongly urged by the birds to Sigurd, was that the death of his old master would give him Fafnir's gold. The old epic of Beowulf further proves this characteristic. Beowulf's last struggle was with a dragon for the gold which he guarded. This coarse greed animates Siggeir and Atli in Morris's poem, but it never is allowed to approach Sigurd. The birds do not even hint it to the ideal hero.

In the old saga brutality is one of the most prominent characteristics. Signy tries the fortitude of each of the three sons that she sends to Sigmund, by sewing gloves on their hands through the skin and flesh, and then by tearing them off, so as to draw the skin with them. She herself orders the death of the small sons of Siggeir, when they do not come up to Sigmund's standard of courage, and Sigmund performs the deed with alacrity. Morris, however, tolerates no such barbarity. Siggeir and his household are wiped out of existence to avenge the life of Volsung. Sigurd pays with his life for the troth plight broken with Brynhilde; but all unnecessary and excessive brutality is smoothed away. The test which his Signy gives to her children is their power of looking into Sigmund's eyes without fear. She sends only one of Siggeir's children, and when he fails to meet Sigmund's requirements, he is safely returned to his mother. This softening of the brutality makes Morris's poem in this respect more noble, but it also renders it less true to the real life of the people.

The second great difference between the two stories is in the part played by the love motif. In the Volsunga Saga the love is fierce and eager, but

it takes not at all from the valor of the kings. It is but an episode, though a great one, in the course of their glory. In the Sigurd it has received just a breath from the South. It has become slightly languishing, voluptuous. It clouds the spirit of the heroes and interrupts a little the course of the narrative. This distinction is brought out in the two descriptions of Brynhilde after the slaying of Sigurd. In the Volsunga Saga,—

> "By a pillar she stood
> And strained its wood to her.
> From the eyes of Brynhilde,
> Birdh's daughter,
> Flashed out fire,
> And she snorted forth venom
> As the sore wound she gazed on
> Of the dead slain Sigurd."

But in Morris's story,—

> "Still by the carven pillar doth the allwise Brynhilde stand
> Agaze on the wound of Sigurd, nor moveth foot nor hand,
> Nor speaketh word to any of them that come or go
> Round the evil deeds of the Niblungs and the corner stone of woe."

In the one, though Brynhilde carries her love strong in her heart, she is untamed by it, and she pours forth her hate and scorn on the dead body of her betrayer. In the other she seems to be stunned by the fulfillment of that which she herself has brought about. In the Volsunga Saga the heroes love frankly and strongly. They fight eagerly for the maidens of their choice, but the love is not described. It is a fierce, hot passion, but it is accepted too frankly to allow of minute analysis. It is rejoiced over and recorded, and then the narrator turns to the absorbing theme of life, the glory and the courage of the hero. In Morris's Sigurd the love is analyzed and revelled in till it tinges the narrative, and seems more like the southern loves of Cupid and Venus.

In the older version of the story the Volsungs and Nibelungs are a fierce and untamed people, very noble in their generosity, their courage and their troth-plights, but very childlike in their lack of self-control, and very ugly in their brutality and greed. In the later story they show the marks of a broader civilization. Many of their untamed have been cut off. They are a more noble creation, but their story could not have been told by an ancient skald.

The same softening touch which tempered the story of the mythological heroes seems to have been laid upon the life of the men of the Mark. The records of their early history are scanty. There is, therefore, little with which to compare the men of the Wolfings. We know the ancient Teutonic people owned their land in common, that they all met together in the Thing of the Mark, that the spirit of frank friendliness and equality reigned among them. These characteristics Morris has faithfully given us in his beautiful tale. We also know, however, that there was much that was coarse and brutal in the life of those days, and this Morris has caused almost to disappear in the beauty of the life which surrounds the brutality. Neither writer nor reader can see anything repulsive behind the kindly friendliness of the people.

Of the history of the Peasant's Revolt we have more abundant records. It is true that most of the chroniclers give unsympathetic accounts of the outbreak. Yet, after due allowance is made for their prejudice, it seems true that Morris has given us an idealized picture of the people. In the first place, in the dream-village reigns the beauty of cleanliness. From the whitewashed exteriors of the houses to the bright, shining plates on the sideboard, not a spot or blemish is to be seen. The picture stands in striking contrast to the statement of a careful historian that in those days it was impossible to be clean. One of the rooms of the house was generally used as a stable for the beasts. The floor of the main hall was spread with rushes which it was impossible to change very often. The dogs, who were as much at home there as their masters, were fed from the table and hid bones among the rushes. People did not think as much as we do now of being neat. The picturesque architecture and quaint gardens of Morris's village are true to the life, but they have never been subjected to the wear and tear of the life.

Then the care-free atmosphere of Robin Hood has crept too far into the story. Men go to the fight at the village as carelessly and gaily as though they had little to lose and little to win. Yet there are wrongs to redress; wrongs deeply enough felt to rouse the villein class of nearly all England to concerted action for the first time in their lives. Surely these were enough to sober their laughter. It is true that the men of Kent were never serfs, that they were spirited and independent in their tempers, and that the fight in the village was but a small skirmish. Yet, even if the wrongs of their

brother-villeins are not enough to quiet their spirits, they have the memory of the recent brutality of the taxgatherer to make them welcome the assault of the gentry with more anger and hatred.

There is also a tone in John Ball's sermon which strikes the ear as out of tune with the fourteenth century. That is, the emphasis on rich and poor, instead of on gentleman and serf. "When Adam delved and Eve span, who was then the gentleman?" was the watchword of the revolt. In the sermons which the old chroniclers have handed down to us, the contrast is always made between gentle and serf, not between rich and poor. When the king asked the men of Essex what they wanted, they answered, "We will that you free us forever, us and our lands, and that we never more be held for serfs." Nothing is said about community of goods or riches. The contrast between rich and poor seems, therefore, like an echo from our own times, and out of keeping with mediæval thought.

The motives for the rising in Kent given by historians are political ones—resistance to the levying of taxes and the freeing the king from his evil counsellors. Morris, however, gives a more beautiful one. For the Fellowship they do it. John Ball urges the cause of the Fellowship upon them. He barely mentions the taxgatherers. The immediate occasion of the uprising was certainly the brutal insult offered to a Kentish maid by one of the tax collectors. The revolt must have been brewing for some time before this, however, for it is certain that there was concerted action, and concerted action among people spread over so much ground and so unused to rising in their own defense, needs time to develop. Then, too, Wat Tyler, the Kentish leader, and some of his men, seem to have remained behind after the other insurgents had dispersed, to see that the promises of the king were kept, and that the cause of the people was safe. "Many of the Kentish men," says an historian, "dispersed when they heard the promises the king made to the men of Essex." Both these facts seem to lead to the conclusion that the Kentish men acted for the Fellowship. We know, too, that Piers Plowman was both the result and the cause of a spread of fellow feeling among those who "pleyed ful selde and swonken ful harde." One of the letters of John Ball, given by the old historians, emphasized the need of mutual assistance. It reads: "John Ball, St. Mary's Priest, greeteth well all manner of men, and biddeth them in the name of the Trinitie, Father,

Sonne, and Holy Ghost, to stand manlike together in truth, and help trowth and trowth shall helpe you." Therefore, in spite of the decisions of the historians, we cannot say that John Ball made a mistake when he appealed to the men of Kent in the name of the Fellowship. The spiritual beauty of the story is not proved true. Yet, since it is not proved false, we may enjoy and believe in the truth of the motif of Morris's "Dream of John Ball."

The warrior priest himself is the central figure of that spiritual beauty. According to Morris he was a prophet who preached great thoughts to inspire the men of the times to do great deeds. He was ascetic and unworldly, and lived on a plane above the life of common men. According to the chroniclers he was the mad priest of Kent, or the rascally priest of Kent, who raved against the nobility and stirred the people up to angry tumults. Both of these accounts may possibly have been true. They might describe the same man looked at first through the eyes of his friend, and then through those of his foe. In the light of his sermons which have been preserved, he was, however, more like an agitator than a prophet. Instead of setting forth noble ideals, they set forth the miseries of the serf with an evident purpose to arouse the anger of his hearers. We do not know, however, to whom his sermons were preached. Even a prophet might turn agitator sometime to arouse his people, if other means failed him. It is not possible to say Morris's picture of John Ball is not faithful to the life, yet the extreme beauty and sweetness of his thoughts and words, and his extraordinary insight into the future, gives him the look of an ideal rather than of a natural character.

To say, however, that Morris has drawn for us idealized pictures does not mean that he has drawn false ones. He has told us of the beauty to be found among the Volsungs, and the Wolfings, and the English peasants. He has made us breathe the breath of fierce adventure with Sigurd the Volsung, of whom it was said, "Never did he lose heart, and of nought was he adread." He has given us a taste of the calm serenity and freedom of the markmen who knew neither master nor thrall. He has taught of the goodwill and the fearless assertion of independence of the men of Kent; and what he has told us of these is true. Because he has not described for us the ugliness, and coarseness, and brutality, to conclude that he meant to say these did not exist would be an injustice. He has not tried to write for us a history. He has

merely performed his true function as a poet. He has extracted the beautiful, the true, and the permanent from the life of other days, and has given them to the men of his own times.

VALENTINE.

TO LITTLE MOLLY MOORE.

I cannot send you my heart, sweet,
Tho' you are my own sweetheart,
For a thief stole it long ago, dear,
And went to a "foreign part."

I cannot send you my whole heart,
For I'm not heart whole, you see,
But I will send you a fraction,
And choose for my Valentine—thee.

CLARA BREWSTER POTWIN.

OVER THE MUD CAKES.

IT was down in the corner of the old pasture. The little stream that trickled from the watering trough furnished the richest milk; elderberries were raisins, "pretend"; and the chocolate, to tell the truth, was nothing but prepared mud. As they trotted back and forth gathering their plantain-leaf dishes, he was telling her just how they would keep house when they were big. There would be no Mary then to say they shouldn't have "his ma's best china plates," he assured her; and, though there was a shade of doubt in her big black eyes, I think she believed him. There would be no nurses to grab them when the cooking and tea party were over, to wash the fun all away. The gesture which emphasized this assertion showed a grimy little fist. They would have really truly raisins when they made cake then,—raisins that had wrinkly brown skins instead of shiny black ones. He repeated it because he liked to see those sparkles in her eyes and the dimples in her cheeks. Life is full of cakes and raisins at six years old.

It is at that age, too, that one never doubts the fulfillment of plans. And why should one if, as the years go on, the plan seems to develop along the right way? He liked just as well when he was ten as when he was seven to call for her on the way to school. When they were twelve she

was the best girl in town to go coasting with, for he was a brave little fellow and liked a girl who didn't scream when he happened to run her into a snowdrift.

She was entirely different from all other girls, as he told the fellows, for she didn't try to help you steer your sled by dragging her feet. They didn't approve of her, however, and he knew it. Experience had not told him yet, though, that his friends had just reached that period in a boy's life when there are few things of which he does approve, baseball, football, hockey, and marbles excepted.

His fiery enthusiasm and splendid health made him their leader, but when all his time was demanded he drew the line firmly. Only once his loyalty wavered,—when the teasing of the fellows almost persuaded him to give up the summer afternoons spent with her over "Ivanhoe." The hurt look that her proud little soul could not quite control conquered, however, and the temptation made him only the more true.

So the friendship went on, and the characteristics which had drawn them together as children did not lose any of their attractiveness.

. . . . . .

At twenty-two, with the new B.A. tacked on to her name, she sat and pondered over the announcement of his engagement to another girl. She wondered, in a half-sad way, how it all came about. Was it college? Had she changed so much? Didn't he care for a woman with an education equal to his own? Yes, it must have been he who had changed. He had not had time to write letters, she remembered; his college work interfered. He had liked spending vacations with the college fellows instead of with her, and, true to his old self as she knew him, he liked specially the fellows who had sisters at home. Perhaps he had learned to value a girl for her womanly ways, too, and not for those qualities which made her "entirely different from all other girls." She couldn't think of all the stages, so summed it up in that one word "college." Just for a moment she ceased glorying in that "B.A.," but it was only for a moment. It all flashed back upon her how she had struggled for those college years; how she had overturned all the plans which had conflicted with that one great desire.

With a little effort she went for paper and pen to tell him "how glad she was for him." At the first words, "Dear Jack," over the meadow and far away to the pasture lot flew her thoughts. He was going to make cakes with somebody else now, and—yes—she wished he wasn't.

A TRUANT'S AFTERNOON.

While I was visiting in Saltillo, a Mexican town just a night's ride beyond the Rio Grande, a letter came to my hostess saying that in a few days a party of Baptist ministers, with their wives, were to pass through Saltillo on their way up to the City of Mexico, and that a place had been reserved for her in the party. My friend, as the head of a Mission, feels the responsibilities of her position, and, then, too, she is one of those women whose busy season keeps steady pace with the progress of the calendar. It was not surprising that she dismissed the possibility of her going with the explanation that she had no leisure for an outing. Discussion of the matter only proved that, when a strong-willed and hyper-conscientious woman says she has no time for recreation, she assumes an impregnable position, and all words to the contrary are only wasted ammunition. So it came about that I accepted the situation and the courtesy which had been extended to my friend, and joined this company of Baptists as the proxy of a Methodist missionary. As my particular form of faith is a third variation, I was in the midst of a sectarian complication. Diplomatically, I avoided all possible arguments or differences of opinion, and it was my earnest intention to conduct myself in a manner worthy of a representative of John Wesley and a guest of Roger Williams.

By some accident there was another young woman in the party who, like myself, could not say the shibboleth of the Baptists. But she did say something that outraged the feelings of this little community bounded by the four walls of a Pullman car, when she expressed her desire to see a bull fight. I silently echoed her words. The traveler in Old England must see cricket, in New England football, in Heidelberg duelling, and in Mexico a bull fight. How could I return to the bosom of my family and the circle of my friends confessing that I had not seen the national sport of Mexico? Still, I maintained a discreet silence, saying nothing in defense

of these heretical wishes, so long, especially, as I saw no chance of realizing them in this company.

In the City of Mexico we were most cordially welcomed by the chief pillar of the American Baptist residents, who, in a spirit of unbounded patience and generosity, offered himself and his family as guides and interpreters for our party. A brother of this James family fell to my share one morning as we walked over to the plaza where the fashionable set is on dress parade from twelve to one. We moved across the plaza quite a little distance for an especially fine view of Popocatapetl, when our friends went on to luncheon. Mr. James suggested that, as we were plainly left, I should go with him instead, and embellished the suggestion with a description of a Mexican café where we could sit under the trees in the *patio* and hear soft music and the splashing of a fountain. The constant companionship of even the most brilliant or sainted grows wearisome, and this seemed a tempting relief, so off we strolled to our luncheon *a la* Alhambra.

Among other places we might visit in the afternoon, Mr. James spoke of the Plaza del Toros; for this was a holiday, and holidays always call for this particular celebration. My reply was noncommittal, but followed by such interested inquiries that it was easy to see I only wanted some overwhelming arguments. He assured me that it was eminently proper; indeed, I was almost convinced that I was not proper if I did not go. The president of the republic frequently attended with his family; the members of the different foreign legations also. All the American residents went; he himself had taken one of the lady missionaries. But all this, I realized, would make but a feeble defense before a ministerial jury. My individual ego and my diplomatic ego were meanwhile on duty, the one urging me to go, the other advising me to be cautious. The controversy of the two egos was altogether too weighty for the accompaniment of the light guitar, and the question was indefinitely tabled.

On our return to the hotel, a few moments devoted to reconnoitering among the wives gave me the programme of the afternoon. After the siesta, which seemed to have found universal favor, they were to go by way of the tomb of Juarez to the house of some hospitable American resident, where they were to meet the other members of the American colony in

Mexico and have a general hand-shaking and a tea-drinking. Mr. James and I, with the understanding that they would follow us later, preceded them in this visit to the last resting place of the Mexican patriot. We did our duty by the burying ground, or rather the superterranean catacombs, and when we came out into the world again, it was very exhilarating to hear the band playing in the Plaza del Toros. The Mexican soldiery may be puppets, their public buildings mean, their poetry thin and insipid, but their band music is above reproach. Perhaps my courage was aroused like the soldier's by military music, for without any hesitancy, as if Baptist ministers were extinct and not liable to meet me face to face at any moment, we crossed the street and joined the crowd going bandward.

The sunny side of the amphitheater is lacking in the refinements of its patrons, as well as in the comforts of shade and a tolerable temperature; but from my seat among the patricians I saw men and women, well dressed, refined and intelligent in their appearance, such as usually are seen at any band concert. My self-forgetful state of satisfaction was jarred back into a realization of present dangers when I discovered, only a few seats from me, three of the deacons. My companion cheered me with the patent comfort that they were not going to tell where they had seen me. When my eyes met theirs a few minutes later, I smiled a recognition with no more surprise than if we had unexpectedly met at some social or official function in the palace at Chapultepec.

The performance proper was preceded by a procession of all the men who took part in the farce. There were men on foot, and men on horses, carrying lances, cloaks, and flags. After these came Ponciana Diaz, evidently a favorite with the people, although he was a Spaniard, for he was received with such applause as we show to Irving or Patti. When these, like chief combatants in a gladiatorial fight, had been ceremonially presented before the judges' stand, the victim of the hour came bellowing into the arena to meet his opponents. My sympathies were all for the poor beast. He was absolutely helpless,—only one of him against all those active men. Everywhere he was baffled and impotent as the men flaunted their bright cloaks before him, and then ran under cover of the screens that were all around the wall of the arena. It was like children playing tag; but he could never catch one of them. The men were quite skilful, one agile fellow, with

the aid of his lance, leaping over the bull's back. Ponciana, the artist Toreador from old Madrid, finally rode out. He made some scientific advances and retreats, exhibiting his daring and superior horsemanship. Suddenly his knife gleamed in the air, and the bull fell with the knife in his heart.

Right here I expressed a desire for fresh air, and we were soon in the street outside. The Floating Islands were recommended as abounding in air of the desired freshness. While we were riding in that direction we caught sight of my tourist friends on their way to the tea-drinking. Now I was just as ready to get back to them as in the morning I had been pleased to be rested from them. My chief idea was to escape the responsibility of any further words, and in this throng I felt that my silence would be uninterrupted and unnoticed. We joined the party at the door, and as afterwards I could speak as critically as any of the elaborate metal wreaths on Juarez's grave, they never suspected that I had been out of their sight.

As we were on our way down from the city quite a flutter was created in our car when the conductor announced one afternoon that Ponciana Diaz, the famous bull fighter from Spain, was in one of the rear coaches. He gave so luring a description that the younger men soon wandered back to the last car for the scenery. At the next station, as usual, we were all sweeping the platform with our scrutinizing gazes when I recognized Ponciana. After I had pointed him out to this elderly and conservative remnant in the car, with the air of one who knows, I wondered what I should have said if one of them had asked me how I knew. But the dear old souls were all busy verifying with their eyes what had evidently not escaped their ears,—the handsome *bolero*, the silk scarf which Señora Diaz, wife of the president, had embroidered and presented with her own hands, and, above all, a gorgeous silver-threaded *sombrero*. The term of my diplomatic hypocrisy was almost at an end when I might have grown honest and made confession. This would have broken the record which they were fondly cherishing, and with which they would adorn the closing remarks destined to be given in their respective parishes,—that this was the only party from the United States that had not by its presence encouraged the barbarian sport of heathen Mexico. Rather than wreck so many moral conclusions I kept silent, that much self-complacency in peroration might come of my duplicity.

VIOLETS.

In the radiant hush and beauty
Of the tender summer morning,
In the stillness as of angels
  Lulling fretful waves to rest,
Deep within the misty valley lands
The violets are stirring,
And turning fragrant faces
  To the warm wind from the west.

All drowsily their heavy heads
The little buds are nodding,
Faint yet with the remembrance
  Of the cradling mother earth,
Till the kind wind lifts them lovingly,
And folds each lonely petal,
While it whispers wondrous stories
  Of this rare land of their birth.

FLORENCE ANNETTE WING, '92.

THE DECISION OF A COLLEGE GIRL.

"IN a year we will go to Oxford."

"I wish it were now, rather than a year from now."

"Oh, a year won't seem very long, Ailsa. Remember we are trusting each other to be faithful until then."

Ailsa Denis said one last good-by, and gave her friend the hearty hand-shake girls are so fond of giving and receiving, then she entered the car and was borne swiftly westward. One year to be lived through somehow, and then perfect happiness. She had a large trunk of books to help her endure those twelve months of waiting. It was very warm traveling. When Ailsa reached Chicago she was tired and depressed. She hated to think there was no more college, and a year seemed very long.

Her father met her at the station. He was tired, too. Business was not thriving. But he kissed Ailsa affectionately, and said two years was a long time not to have seen her. Last summer Ailsa had spent at the shore with some of her college friends. "It is my last chance, you know," she had written home, and her parents had consented, as parents do.

When she reached home she found her mother in bed. "I have been packing all day," Mrs. Denis said, "getting the house ready to leave, so

that I could devote myself to your dressmaking for the next week. Have you decided what you will have, dear?"

"Oh no, mother!" Ailsa's voice had an impatient ring. "I don't eare what I have. Where is Dolly?"

"Dolly has taken Baby out driving. She was sorry not to be here to see you, but Baby was very fussy, and Arnold offered to take them out."

Ailsa tried to tell her mother a few things about her graduation, but she was too warm and weary to enthuse much. Dolly and Baby came home and they had dinner. After dinner, their cousin Arnold Denis came in, and the two Winter girls. Ailsa felt that it was a great bore to hear Dolly and the Winter girls chatter. She had forgotten that Dolly talked so much about clothes. Mrs. Denis suggested that Ailsa go to bed to rest from her journey. Ailsa went gladly.

The next night they all attended a dance. Ailsa was fond of dancing. She felt quite happy, as she floated away on her cousin Arnold's arm. But presently she found that Arnold expeeted her to talk. That wouldn't have been so bad, but he started such trivial subjects. Ailsa hated small talk. She looked severe and didn't answer Arnold's sallies. Even dancing was a bore,—with men. She was not compelled to dance many times. Girls who could put their whole souls into such remarks as, "Do you really think I was so much to blame, Mr. Ward?" were taking the partners away. Ailsa, who for four years had been aecustomed to being the center of a group, found herself alone, exeept for a middle-aged chaperone, who was telling her about a new servant. With a disgusted curl of the lip, Ailsa watehed Dolly, —flirting, as she ealled it,—and was glad she had been to college, and learned the unimportance of pleasing men. What eollege girl would have repeated for a man's entertainment, Baby's senseless ehatter. When Ailsa got to bed that night, she tried to say over a few lines from James, but she was wondering why no one had asked her to danee.

Mrs. Denis and Baby went to Beulah. Dolly and Ailsa were to follow with their father the next day. Dolly went out to dinner. Ailsa was left to preside over her father's table. Mr. Denis came in late, and seemed absent-minded. Ailsa sat opposite him, and thought of many things. When dinner was over, Mr. Denis sat with his head on his hand, and did not rise from the table, but when Ailsa passed him to go into the library, he lifted his head

suddenly, and smiled at her. "It is good for a weary heart to see you about again, Ailsa," he said.

"Thank you," she said confusedly. She wanted to kiss him as she used to, but somehow she felt sure she should do it awkwardly.

She walked beside her father into the library without speaking again. He took the paper, and she settled down to an evening of Plato. Once she looked up, and noticed that the lines in his forehead had grown deeper since he began to read.

A moment later, Dolly came in. She had some flowers in her hands. She went up to her father, kissed him, and seated herself on his knee. "Dad, you're frowning to beat the band," she remarked. She made a wreath of flowers for his head, while she told him about her visit. Ailsa watched them, heard her father's old merry laugh, and felt suddenly ashamed of herself. "I wonder if I am of the least use to any one in the wide world," she said.

Mr. Denis did not go to Beulah the next day. He sent the girls, and wrote his wife that he would follow as soon as he could. He came a week later. They were all at table when he entered the room. He went up and kissed his wife. "We have been through a crisis," he said, "my nephew has helped me. Arnold Denis is a man in the highest sense of the word."

"A man, the noblest work of God," and Ailsa had thought he was only able to flirt. She wondered if she were a "woman." She looked at Dolly amusing Baby. Dolly was the "woman" after all; she was nothing but intellectual.

Two weeks later, Mr. Denis died of heart failure, caused by over-anxiety. Mrs. Denis was overcome by her husband's death. She saw no one but Dolly for many days.

Ailsa, sitting downstairs alone, was recalling the time when her brother died, six years before. She remembered how many hours she had knelt by her mother's bed, bathing the hot head with alcohol. "Mother's dear little comforter," her mother had said, just before dropping asleep. "I am going to try," Ailsa murmured to herself.

Ailsa did try, and did not try in vain. Her mother and Dolly were delighted. "I don't want to be narrow, mother. I want to be a true woman," Ailsa said, and Mrs. Denis helped her.

"Every woman should know how to make cake," Mrs. Denis said to her daughter, one morning in early winter.

Ailsa made a Bridgeport loaf. She compounded it with great care, and got it into the oven safely. She spent the greater part of her forenoon on her knees before the stove, opening the oven door cautiously every few moments. She thought one side was getting browner than the other; she turned it very, very gently. Then she scowled at it. "I hope that won't make it fall." Suddenly she caught sight of her face in a small glass the cook used. "I have been completely absorbed in a loaf of cake," she said to her disgusted self. She dashed up stairs, threw herself on her bed and began to cry. The loaf burned.

Dolly had a good many callers. Gradually Ailsa began to enjoy being in the room. Sometimes she made tea for Dolly. Men really could be entertaining, she found. They were even capable of becoming serious and talking thoughtfully. She had forgotten that.

One day Arnold was with the others. He talked about ambition, and said a few original things. Ailsa was interested in what he said, and in him. She thought how pleasant it all was, and looked about her with a sort of affection for the whole scene. "You make mighty good tea, Ailsa, even better than Dolly," Arnold said.

Ailsa felt a sudden thrill of pleasure. At the same moment she remembered that in a few months she would be at Oxford. She wondered why she felt depressed.

That night she was reading the letters of one of the world's prominent women. There was a sentence in the last one that haunted her. "I have worked all my life long on this subject, and haven't succeeded in getting as far as Professor B. did before me. I hoped to really accomplish something, or I should not have given up so much for it." It was true, this woman was famous only because she showed such a remarkable understanding of the work done by others. The world was no richer for her life.

Some weeks after, Dolly told Ailsa she was going to marry Arnold. "We have really been engaged for more than a year," Dolly said, "only I didn't feel sure, and I wanted to wait."

"I am glad," Ailsa said to herself, "now if I don't go to Oxford, it won't be on account of a man." But Oxford began to look more attractive. She wrote a long letter to her friend, making more definite plans about the coming year. Ailsa seldom deceived herself.

"Instead of staying at home on account of a man, I am going for that same reason," she said. She tore up the letter and decided to wait for a little.

She watched Dolly and Arnold together. "Arnold used to like me best, I am very sure," Ailsa told herself one day. Then she spoke to him.

"Arnold, do you believe in the Higher Education of Women?" Arnold turned away from Dolly, and looked at her.

"Theoretically, yes. But I think it often unfits a girl for taking her place in the world. When a girl begins to feel that, regardless of the wishes and happiness of the parents, who have sacrificed so much for her, she will spend her life on her own advancement and education, then I say college is a mistake." Ailsa's face flushed. Then Arnold smiled. "After all, Ailsa, worthless as we men seem to you, our respect and regard are not without their value. Our opinions, in the main, are the opinions of our grandfathers and grandmothers. It is only you girls who are agitating so many new ideas."

Ailsa went upstairs and wrote a telegram to her friend. "Not going to Oxford. Don't write. Don't ask questions." It is not to please Arnold; it is to please my grandfathers and grandmothers, she said.

It was twenty years later. Ailsa's friend was president of their college. Ailsa was a mother, and devoted her hours to the sacrifices of home. Her daughter went to the old college. Ailsa visited her. She went to hear her old friend conduct chapel. She sat in the far corner of the gallery and watched the president. "She is like Mary. She has chosen the better part," Ailsa said, and bowed her head upon her hand.

Outside Ailsa's daughter was talking. "Olive, you must come into our room, and meet my mother. You will be better all the days of your life." But Ailsa did not hear her.

AGNES SINCLAIR HOLBROOK.

IN MEMORIAM.

In my great grief at the loss of a beloved friend, I am impelled to say a word in her memory, for the Magazine which once knew her guidance and name.

She first entered into my life when we were Juniors together at college, and during those two remaining years I knew her, a keen, ambitious, active

mind, a frank and loyal friend. The deeper and gentler nature which lay beneath that frost and sparkle I was yet to learn and to love. The following year, as God willed it, we were room-mates and fellow-laborers at Hull House, I through her suggestion and request.

There, it was not long before I knew her for one of the rarest souls it has ever been my privilege to hold communion with. In the intense, exacting and ever-varying life of that wonderful settlement she was always a force to be relied upon. Tactful, most delicately courteous, unobtrusive, patient, cheerful, and appreciative, so she showed herself at every turn, no matter how monotonous, how wearying, how repulsive, the situation about her. A most gracious adaptability was developed in her, a cordial readiness to meet all emergencies and all types of people, and with the same unfailing respect and deference. With all her finely developed and superabundant intellectuality, she had the uncommon gift of subordinating herself to the level of a grosser nature, so that there was no icy wall of division between herself and others her inferiors. But this is only negative praise. A temperament more poised, a judgment more quick and sure, an artistic sense more keen, a sympathy more tender, a heart more true, a soul more pure and aspiring, it has never been my lot to know. With her frail physique, her wistful intensity of expression, her pent-up effervescing energy, her love for flowers, for the country, for poetry — I recall her so well as we sat on a knoll by the lake one blue May afternoon. She had been gathering violets which she held in her hand. A friend who was with us read from Lowell. Agnes's soul was in her face, drinking in with the almost pathetic eagerness of natures highly strung, the beauty of life around her.

The climate was against her here, so she sought California, where as a student at Leland Stanford, she soon made her impress as a mind of unusual acumen. The intellectual activity and executive ability that were shown in the "Hull House Maps and Papers," found a new channel in psychological and pedagogical study and research, and it was not with much surprise that her friends learned after she had taken her master's degree in January, 1896, of her appointment to an instructorship in Leland Stanford. It seemed that the world was open to her; whatever she laid her hand to she made a success. In her chosen lines her achievements were notable; a ripening character added new charm and sweetness to her brilliant personality; her dearest

ambition seemed about to be realized, that she might work and do much for others; — only strength and health was denied her. During the late winter and spring of '96 she gradually failed. Occasional fevers and a trouble with her throat alarmed her, but being advised to keep on with her work, she did so, hoping that these malarial symptoms would pass away with warmer and drier weather.

From February of that year till the end she never spoke above a whisper, but her letters remained the same, firm in hand, resolute, cheerful, and uncomplaining, so that her friends little dreamed of the sickness that was wearing away her life. In the spring she sought the dry climate of Arizona, but relief failing her, she returned to California, where her father and sister came to her. Tenderly cared for, she was taken to Denver, where she remained for a few weeks, under the care of an eminent physician. He could give little encouragement, but the brave heart of Agnes remained bright and unflinching in the frail and wasted physique. Late in August, with her father and sister, she went to her home in Marengo, Iowa, knowing well, as her father says, "that going home meant going to her long home." But she was well content to die. She had no fear of death. She only said, "I regret that I have not been able to do more for others when so much has been done for me."

Unshadowed in spirit by the malady which so long foredoomed her, she fought bravely the battle of life, and passed away smiling.

She is with us no longer, but we hold her memory a precious possession.

FLORENCE WILKINSON.

NOT A PASTEL IN PROSE.

SHE was the daughter of the village curate. How do I know it? Who else, pray, save the village curate's daughter would have been leaning against the rectory gate with a wide-brimmed hat, from under which she was looking out, with sweet, serious eyes, on a somewhat puzzling world? Her father was not a great divine, one would judge, for the rectory was a simple house, nor was he of the forehanded type, for the rectory gate did not hang very steadily on its hinges, but he must have been a good man and true, as the face under the broad-brimmed hat had the goodness and truth which come

from heredity; certainly environment could have done little for it in the dreary little Canadian town, unless looking at the falling water, just outside the rectory garden, may have put its purity into life and face. No, I choose to believe that this girl was born with "sweetness and light" inherent, and that nature had made her a true woman, even as nature made Phillips Brooks a true man. Sorrow and strife had not touched her as yet, and perhaps, as George Macdonald would have us believe, she was but half a woman on that account. The potentialities were existent in her, however, and many natures there are which sorrow and strife do not touch to "finer issues." This girl just lived her life, as simply as the morning-glory on the gate post, and looked out from the roadside rectory to put into one heart, at least, a belief in the endless creative power of the goodness that made her, as well as the goodness that was made, and even the sublime rush and fall of the waters of Niagara did not have a greater meaning.

Mary Arnold Petrie.

EDITORIALS.

I.

THE Editorial Board this month would cry on general principles, *Peccavimus!* The stories and articles, we fear, are less than they should be, by the matter of the names of several authors. Whether these names were intentionally suppressed, or were meant to be inserted when the proof came from press, we do not know. The Editor in chief was ill at her home when the proof arrived, and could not be questioned on business. It is, therefore, with sincere apologies for all sins of omission and commission, that we send out this issue. We beg the pardoning indulgence of all contributors whose contribution, in our ignorance, we may have made to appear incomplete.

II.

THE frequent need of revision in notices sent for insertion in the Magazine has impressed on us the expediency of stating editorially the two or three simple rules that must be obeyed in preparing copy for the press. The first is: never to write on both sides of a sheet. Sheets already written on one side may be used, if the writing on the side not to be printed from is scratched through, so that the printer may be sure which side is meant for him; but nothing is ever printed from two sides of the same sheet. The second rule is: always to send copy unmixed with extraneous matter. If any remarks are to accompany the article or notice they should be written on a separate sheet from the copy. For instance, notices of society meetings sent to the Magazine should not begin: "My dear Miss ——, At a regular meeting of," etc., and should not end, "Sincerely yours, ——" When this occurs the editor has to cut off or cross out the beginning and end of the notice—has often, indeed, to revise parts of the notice itself; for the note-writing frame of mind is apt to spoil a communication for business purposes; and few ways of wasting time are more distasteful than rewriting communications which would have cost the sender in the first place no more trouble to write rightly than wrongly. A notice should be simply, solely, baldly, and boldly, a notice, and should reach the editor in the exact form it is desired to have in print. A word may be said here,

too, about personal communieation whieh may accompany a notice. If noticcs were being sent by secretaries of college organizations to the Boston *Herald*, for instance, they should cither be signed, without any closing form, by the sender, in which case they eould be fitted for press by a single pen-stroke; or else they should be accompanied by a brief note to the editor. This would be simply to assure him that he was getting *bona fide* material; simply to assume responsibility for the communication. Oceasional notices for the Magazine should bc similarly signed or accompanied. But when such regular contributions as society notices, for instanee, are being sent to us, they need be accompanied by no notc, nor even signed. The note or the namc does nothing more than tell the editor what she has already guessed; namely, that the seeretary sent the notiee—and time is preeious. The truest courtesy in these cases is the thing that makes least work for the editor, least unnecessary reading and writing. It is in the hope that by a kindly observance of our remarks, our correspondents will, in future, savc us a little labor, that we mention these two common-sense rules.

III.

For three years, seven months and a half, or even eight months, at College, we do not mind working. We may grumble here and there, but on the whole we would rather earn our diplomas with the sweat of our brow than without. But there comes a time in one's eollege eourse when the grind of academie work seems a heavy burden needlessly imposed. This time is the spring of the senior year. In the preceding three years and a half, what are to those who know them perhaps the two most precious gifts of Wellesley to her students have become ours: a sympathetie relationship with our out-door world—none the less helpful bccause so few of us can express it—and deep friendships with fellow-students. We do not wish to undervalue academie work. Our training school has been of inestimable benefit in many ways. But, after all, we have devoted more time to books than to anything else, and if we have not yet learned to study, we eannot learn in the last term of the senior year. And at this time other things than study are uppermost. The sense of parting is already strong upon us,—parting from the college life, from the grounds, from the girls,—and we want a little breathing time before

we go away; to see a little deeper into the meaning of college; to understand something more of our out-of-doors; to live in more constant fellowship with those who have shared and bettered what was best in our college lives. This is the time, of all the course, when we could best appreciate all that is good in college. The sense of the end has quickened realization. We could live months in those last few weeks. They could do something towards rounding off, so to speak, our college years, and the memory of their richness would bind us in after years to Alma Mater as only heart-ties can bind. If the loyalty of her students be, as we think, a college's best capital, Alma Mater would do well to invest in the joy of living for her seniors. A little leisure would buy it for them.

IV.

Instead of this, in years past, especially last June, what has been the case? At the time when the student about to leave Wellesley would be most keenly sensitive to all that had made college worth while, she has been tasked for brain work until she was half exhausted, and could chiefly long only for rest. For grounds and friends she has had only moments snatched from work. Or if she has rebelled against the routine that would absorb her, and lived with friends and grounds in spite of it, she has either slighted papers or worked all night. And who can blame her? The Academic Council may say it is the girl's own fault; that they do not require of her more than she has hitherto carried; and that if she would work at the proper time, she could be good for something at Commencement. But love is stronger than reason, and experience has shown that the girl will insist, out of her perverseness, in seeing more of her friends than hitherto, and the extra time, since none is spared from her studies, must be taken from her sleep.

Men may be able to live all day and work half the night, and still be good for something other than a sanatorium. But girls cannot. It surely is no credit to Alma Mater to send out as results of her system, students as "frazzled" and as heavily ringed under the eyes as our seniors sometimes are. An exhausted woman is only half a woman. Might not a loss of rigidity in the last term's work be a gain to the College, if so the girl were helped?

V.

THE two preceding editorials are taken from the issue of last June. They were an appeal for "senior vacation." Because this appeal stated facts which we would state again now with strengthened conviction, we venture to print it once more, and to beg for it the consideration of the Academic Council. We wrote last year as juniors, trying to put the case of the seniors. This year, as seniors in our own right, we can but add that we spoke the very truth, and that with all our hearts we plead for the granting of our request. Not alone as editors; it is the united class whose earnest desire is here expressed. If the final rush of work helped the seniors, we should not ask to have it dropped. But, at least since Ninety-seven entered, each senior class has been too driven in June to be helped by anything except a holiday. It is the busiest part of the year. Tree Day and Float are on hand, with the class supper and the closing of our connection with various organizations; many of us have home people to take care of, and are arranging for work next fall; and, to return to the theme that is always coming up again, we must be seen so often, because these are the last chances, and there is so much to say and to do. We are simply not fit for the sustained thinking wanted on papers and examinations.

VI.

A COMPARISON between the proportion of faculty to students, and the number of courses offered, at Wellesley and at other women's colleges, has given us a satisfaction which we would share with the readers of the Magazine. In '95–96 there were 786 students and 79 members of the faculty at Wellesley, making an average of 9.9 students to one instructor; at Bryn Mawr there were 285 students and 33 faculty, making an average of 8.6 students to each instructor; at Harvard, 3,600 students and 366 faculty,—9.8 students to each*; at Vassar, 485 students and 45 faculty,—17.7 students to each; and at Smith, 875 students and 43 faculty,—20.3 students to each. The number of courses offered at Wellesley was 192, of which

* The proportion of students to faculty was found for Harvard instead of for Radcliffe, because we had not the number of Radcliffe students for '95–96.

41 were for one-half year only. The number offered at Bryn Mawr is hard to compute. The majority of the full courses are five-hour courses, but each one of these is catalogued in two or three divisions. For example, the catalogue says: "A course in philosophy, five hours weekly throughout one year, is required for all candidates for a degree"; and this "course" is described under two heads as follows: "Logic, Psychology, Ethics, and History of Philosophy. Four times weekly throughout the year. Lectures on the Origin and Contents of the Books of the Bible. Once weekly throughout the year." There are, too, very many alternating courses, given not all at once but in a series of years. Counting these courses in that fashion, Bryn Mawr offered in '95–96 316 hours; counting all these alternating courses as parallel, she offered 381 hours. But this leaves out of account a large number of graduate courses, which may be had if students wish them, but which are not catalogued by hours or definitely described. Indeed, the whole system of Bryn Mawr is so different, at least as catalogued, from that of the other women's colleges, that the courses can hardly be subjected to a parallel summing up. The number of hours offered at Radcliffe in the same year was 225, of which 83 were for one-half year only; at Vassar 156, of which 124 were for a half year only; and at Smith 163, of which 96 were for a half year only. Wellesley required 59 hours for the degree of A.B.; Bryn Mawr, 52.5, 55, or 60, according to the greater or less completeness of entrance preparation; Radcliffe, 19 full courses, or the equivalent of 57 hours here; Vassar, 57.5, or 58 hours; and Smith, 50 hours. From these numbers it is evident that each one of our faculty is burdened with 1.3 more students than the faculty of Bryn Mawr; with but one tenth of a student more than her brother of Harvard; and, roughly speaking, with only one half of the weight that falls on pedagogic shoulders of Vassar and Smith; that the number of electives offered here is greater than in any other woman's college except Radcliffe, and that our requirements for graduation are, if hours count, in a proud position at the "top of the heap."

VII.

In certain minor matters, as well as in matters academic, comparison of colleges is of interest. At Vassar, Smith, and Bryn Mawr, the students'

rooms are kept entirely by the servants. Vassar charges $115 for tuition, and $275 for board; Smith, $100 for tuition, $300 for board; Bryn Mawr, $100 for tuition, and from $275 to $550 for board, according to the room or rooms occupied by the student; Radcliffe charges $200 for tuition, and board may be had in Cambridge at from $25 to $75 a month; Wellesley charges $175 for tuition, and $225 for board. The charge for board at Smith and Vassar includes the washing of one dozen plain pieces weekly; not so at Wellesley and Bryn Mawr, nor, of course, in Cambridge. But our health provisions are something to congratulate ourselves upon. We have hospital wards in the main building, and one in Stone Hall; and a contagion ward in an isolated house; and two health officers and a nurse, all residents; and for these and medicine there is no charge, except in cases of prolonged illness. In the Smith announcements there is no mention of any such matter, from which we may gather that the students are attended, like the people of Northampton, by Northampton physicians only. Radcliffe girls are not expected to be ill; if they are, they employ Cambridge physicians. Bryn Mawr receives a weekly visit from a lady physician of Baltimore, who may be consulted at these times by all students, free of charge. At Vassar a physician resides, and there is an infirmary and a resident nurse. But there is a "nominal" charge of 25 cents for each visit to the doctor's office, 50 cents for each visit from the doctor to a student, 25 cents for each prescription, and $1.50 for each day spent in the infirmary. No wonder the Vassar catalogue remarks that "Few communities of the same number of persons have so little illness!"

VIII.

In the matter of help for impecunious students we are exceptionally fortunate, though still much more poorly off than we wish and ought to be, in order to meet the annual calls for help. The appropriations of the Students' Aid Society for students in '95–'96 amounted, including incomes of scholarships and cash received from subscribers and donors, to $6,399.50. We have two co-operative houses, the Eliot and Fiske, and the undergraduate scholarships number thirty-one. There are no scholarships for graduates, except the remission of fees by the College to graduates not living in college

buildings. At Bryn Mawr there is a Students' Aid Fund, founded by the Class of '90, which receives contributions and makes loans very much as our Students' Aid Society does. There are two fellowships, five graduate scholarships, and twelve undergraduate scholarships. At Radcliffe there are five undergraduate scholarships and two prizes of $100 and $250, respectively. At Smith there is one student co-operative house, four endowed scholarships for undergraduates, and a number of scholarships of fifty or one hundred dollars each, given as need arises. There is no Students' Aid Society. Vassar has much the most abundant resources of all the women's colleges—resources that have been increasing ever since its incorporation in '61. There are nineteen undergraduate scholarships, a College Aid Fund, made up of annual gifts from friends of the College; a Students' Aid Society, which lent last year the sum of $3,340; two aid funds of $50,000 each; an additional Loan Fund, and four prizes. May Wellesley "follow in her train!"

IX.

THERE were no contributions sent to the February Free Press. If, however, there have been thoughts in the minds of undergraduates or alumnæ, of sending further answers to the question of expense, we hope that this month's blank will not discourage such intentions, but will rather prick them on to speedier fulfillment.

BOOK REVIEWS.

ONE of the daintiest little books we have seen of late, clad in gray, with ornaments of gold and green, comes to us from G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. It is entitled, "In My Lady's Name: Poems of Love and Beauty," compiled and arranged by Charles Wells Moulton. The frontispiece is the beautiful head called Hope, from a painting by Gabriel Max. The poems are all lyrics on beautiful women, and the names include those of nearly all the fair maidens who have been loved by the poets, from the days of Richard Lovelace to those of Austin Dobson. No prettier little gift book than this could be imagined; the selection has been made with great good taste.

A Princetonian, by James Barnes. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, London.

"A Princetonian" is the story of a young western fellow who, at the beginning of the tale, is engaged as head clerk of a country store in a rough little prairie town. He desires to better his education, and after hearing, by chance, a Princeton Glee Club concert, determines to make his way to the college of New Jersey. He has no parents, and leaves behind him only the pretty but uneducated girl to whom he is engaged. In his new life, despite his lack of polish, he finds himself popular, and by virtue of his athletic achievements, his maturity, and natural ability, is elected president of his class. He soon stands high in favor with certain young ladies who visit their brothers at college; in particular with a Miss Hollingsworth, who becomes his ideal. At last he finds himself on the Football Eleven. But in the midst of his popularity he begins to realize how entirely he has been separated from all associations with his past life, and further, that he is looking forward to marrying a girl whom he does not love. Fearing to become yet more estranged from the life behind him, he is on the point of returning West to give up college forever, when behold! an opportune telegram informs him that his betrothed has fled with another man. He is free and remains at college, gets in with a fast set, becomes the crony of a reckless fellow, who follows him through the rest of the story as his evil genius, and is finally recalled to hard work and honor by a few encouraging words from Miss Hollingsworth. All this before the completion of his freshman year! Henceforth the story is little other than a love tale, with the varying vicissitudes and trials of the lover, and the complications arising from the sudden appearance of his first love as a ballet girl, at a theatre where he is in attendance on Miss Hollingsworth. The interest of the story does not center in college life, notwithstanding that the hero gains all manner of unprecedented honors,—is made captain of the Football Eleven, is a member of the Glee Club, and wins a scholarship. We see him chiefly at New York or at the country seats of his wealthy friends. The reader is quite sure from almost the beginning how it is all to end, in the crowning happiness of the Princetonian and Miss Hollingsworth. The principal characters are well drawn, but there are rather too many minor characters prominent in the early part of the Princetonian's college career, but not distinctly individualized. They

seem, at last, mere names, dragged in to remind us that the Princetonian is still supposed to be in college. Patrick Corse Shapley is rather an exception, an odd, original character; a "young man with a purpose," who appeals to our sympathies from his pitiful out-of-placeness and loneliness. He serves the useful purpose of unraveling the love affairs of his friend, the Princetonian, and of helping to put him on such firm financial footing that he can meet his lady's father with all due confidence. The story keeps our interested attention, and through the first part we feel strongly the spirit of undergraduate life. In the latter part, however, the hoosier has been transformed into an agreeable and accomplished man of the world whose college seems to be the scene of his actions only by accident. It is a pity that a story of undergraduate life should not be able to confine itself more closely to college boundaries, and to find some interest, too, in students who are neither class presidents, football captains, or glee club singers. Such bright and shining qualities do, however, win popularity, and undoubtedly the Princetonian will receive a warm welcome.

The Maker of Moons, by Robert W. Chambers. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"The Maker of Moons" is an attractive book, inside and out. It is bound in blue and gold and contains eight stories, to the first of which belongs the title from which the book is named. This first tale, in the style of a detective story, is rather the most original in the book. It casts over the reader a weird spell, woven of dreams and Chinese mythology, and tangled up with the ordinary facts in the lives of ordinary men. Two or three of the stories are delightful little episodes in the experiences of lovers, full of humor, and spicy, natural conversation. A few have a more serious, even a tragic theme. In all there is evidenced a close observation of men, imparting throughout a tone of reality which almost persuades us to believe in the mysterious impossibilities to which we are introduced; in fact, Mr. Chambers succeeds in making us quite at home in fairyland ere we are aware that we have left the material world at all.

The Majestic Family Cook-Book, by Adolphe Gallier. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

We take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of "The Majestic Family Cook-Book," and feel sure that the "earnest efforts" of the *chef* of Hotel

Majestic in New York will be duly welcomed and appreciated in every family to which this book finds its way. The volume is heavy with learning, of a culinary sort, and the attention of colleges, which are but larger families, is especially called to so valuable an addition to the library. It is suggested that the library might at times lend the book to those who preside in the mystic regions of Domestic Hall. If some of the bills of fare in the beginning of the volume were to be tried, there might be for a while, indeed, greater uncertainty than at present as to what courses could be expected on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, etc., and the interest of conversation at college tables would certainly be greatly increased and grow more racy with the introduction of little-neck clams, mashed Jerusalem artichokes, braised ducklings, Rouennese and Vol-au-vent, Financière. But even if it is found necessary to confine the use of the "Cook-Book" to the library, for the most part, students will be interested in studying up the chafing dish recipes. From these copious notes can be taken with profit. The "Cook-Book" will certainly be a success, and it is hoped that all institutions of learning may be benefited thereby. Every college graduate should certainly have a copy.

Wellesley Lyrics, chosen and published by Cordelia C. Nevers, '96.

The pretty little volume of "Wellesley Lyrics," appropriately bound in blue and white, and with the notes of the Wellesley Call on its cover, will be welcomed by all lovers of the College. The little book contains some of the best and deepest thought of the girls who are still in college, as well as of those who have gone out from their Alma Mater. The "Lyrics" range from the gayest and lightest to those serious ones which embody the half-whispered hopes and aspirations of opening womanhood. The wide interests of many women are represented in these poems; for they come straight from the heart and experience of those who have known not only the joy of living, but sometimes life's sorrows, too. The fun of college days, the healthy glow which comes from hard, sincere study, the friendly contact with books, music, and art, are all reflected here, in the form of graceful, easy verse which it is a pleasure to read. These "Lyrics" are the embodiment of high thoughts and pure imaginations which remember with loving gratitude the home where they have been trained and cherished; and they are worthy of—The College Beautiful.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Story of Canada, by J. G. Bournot, C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

English in American Universities, by William Morton Payne. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

Carlyle, Sartor Resartus, edited by Archibald MacMechan. Boston: Ginn & Co.

Napoléon. Extracts from Henri Martin, Victor Duruy, Memorial de Sainte Hélène, Thiers, Chateaubriand, Edgar Quinet, Madame de Rémusat. Edited by Alcée Fortier, D.Lt. Boston: Ginn & Co.

Kopnickerstrasse 120, by Moser and Heiden. Edited by Benj. W. Wells, Ph.D. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co., Publishers.

EXCHANGES.

The January exchanges show a number of serious articles of good quality that betoken a proper state of mind for the mid-year examination period. But the fiction of the month is for the most part sombre and heavy hearted. We forbear to trace the time analogy further.

The Yale Literary Magazine contains a forcible but very painful story, "The House of Rad," which, we think, does not justify itself for being. The subject matter is ugly, and the handling is not artistic enough to redeem it. "In Shadow" is a sad college tale, with the real pathos that we have all seen at college, in the overwrought, nerve-tired grind. There is a strong paper on "Lowell's Critical Essays," and some clever sketches appear in the Portfolio.

In the *Vassar Miscellany* is an article on "The Need of Professionally Trained Teachers." This has some useful points for many of us, who leave college this year, as regards our place in the world. "On the Mountain," is a pathetic, well told story of dilettante philanthropy and its harm doing. The verse of this number is abundant in quantity but rather below the average in kind.

The *Nassau Lit.* has two light pleasant stories, "Prudence," and "A Drummer and Others." "The Cabin by the Bogs" is a grotesque Irish

story, and interesting. From the verse of this number we quote the following graceful sonnet :—

ON READING THE SAGAS.

Ye who have watched the stars a weary year
And listened only to the endless woe
Of night winds sobbing, melancholy, low,
And stared at the mute earth in idle fear.
Ye who the sad eternal tumult hear
Of limitless tears that ever ebb and flow
Around the world's shores, forever dream:
Hark to this trumpet blast from long ago:
"Again under a wide clear sky and free
From our wild yearnings and the ancient pain;
Silent, we stand out to a lonely sea,
Ah! silent in the old fierce joy again.
We taste the salt breath on the ocean main,
And feel the long sea surging lustily."

—*Nassau Lit.*

The Smith Monthly is an interesting number. Among other things it contains a valuable view of the German University and its distinctive feature. Here is a sentence or two :—

For the aim of the German University is to extend the boundaries of Truth—apart from any utilitarian reference and with little attention to the individual student's development. It is therefore hardly to be compared with our college course, to which the gymnasium, an institution quite distinct from the University, is supposed to correspond. And it is not much more closely allied to the English and American University, for these are usually organizations of which the college with its undergraduate work and ideas is a prominent part.

The *Smith* also contains an ambitious and fairly successful piece of verse-drama, "In the Turret Room," and the following "Sea Song" which has a good sea rhythm :—

SEA SONG.

Heigh ho, for the dancing waves!
And hark, to the breakers' roar!
We'll run a race with the ocean-breeze,
Along the sandy shore!

Far, far in the azure skies,
The sea-gulls float along—
And here on the wind-blown cliffs we'll rest,
And list to the mermaids' song.

Deep, deep in sea-caves dim,
  Are the homes of the mermaids fair,
And there they sit and sing, and sing,—
  And comb their dripping hair!

Gold, gold their glistening locks!
  Blue, blue are their eyes,—
Their bosoms are whiter than the foam,
  And whoever sees them dies!

Sing, sing to us on the cliffs!
  We're tired and fain would sleep!
But oh, to lie in your foam-white arms,
  At rest—in the restless deep!

—*Smith Monthly.*

The *Brown Magazine* gives us a graphic account of "Dat Big Meetin'," at the time of the Charleston earthquake; and a bright character sketch in "Bob, the Bellman."

In the *Oberlin Review* is a scholarly paper on the "Traditional Ballad of England and Scotland," and a curious Nihilist tale, "A Remarkable Scientific Discovery."

One interesting essay of the month is "Impressionism," in the *Trinity Tablet.*

"Concerning College Poetics," in the *Wesleyan*, is suggestive, for college verse is a puzzle to all of us. The writer considers the average verse maker a type of Il Penseroso; but adds the cheering belief that there is enough material in college life to supply poetic attempts. This is a view of the case that we are glad to hear and to accept.

The Bowdoin Orient interests us in its mention of the numbers of students who teach school, and try to carry on their college work at the same time. The condemnation of such a thing is, of course, deserved. These two pigeons can hardly be brought to the ground with one stone.

We add some of the best verse of the month.

A DREAM.

Last night I saw the slim moon rise,
  Faint o'er her clouds of rose bloom spread—
A lingering touch of sunset hue.
  Then with their tender half-drawn sighs
Awoke the winds the sleeping stars
  And bound them in the deepening blue.

To dance upon the glittering snow
From out the far North fairies came,
Each clad in robes of shimmering mist;
I heard the song they sang so low,
So sweet as bubbling ice-bound brooks,
By falling snowflakes lightly kiss'd.

All in the sparkling frost-bound night
I saw the dead flowers flutter forth
To dance beside the fairies there.
They shone with softened rainbow light,
Their voices faint—sweet broken lutes
Scarce echoed through the silent air.

The dreamy music, faintly sweet,
Crept o'er me, through me. Round and round
Danced misty rainbow-tinted forms.
The moon grew paler, sank to meet
The sleeping hills. Then dawned afar
From East to West the glowing morn.

—*Mt. Holyoke.*

DREAM MUSIC.

A soft mysterious music seems to flow
Within my room to-night, lingering along
The shelves where sleep imprisoned ghosts of song,
Whose fingers o'er dream harp-strings to and fro
Awake dead melodies, now soft and low,
Now fiercely beaten into passion strong,
While swiftly to my gaze enchanted, throng
And pass, lorn lovers famed in long ago,
With many an armored knight and plodding swain—
Forgotten worshipers at perished shrine.
But, hark! each wandering, sweet, elusive strain
Now softly blends in symphony divine,
And back the vanished figures crowd again.
Ah, Wizard Will, that master's touch was thine!

—*Wesleyan Lit.*

COLLEGE BULLETIN.

Sunday, February 7.—11.00 A. M. Rev. F. Mason North. 7.00 P. M. Rev. W. G. Puddefoot. "The Winning of the West.' A talk on Home Missions in the West.

Monday, February 8.—Piano Recital, Mr. Carl Buonamici.

Saturday, February 13.—Lecture at 4.15 in the Chapel. Miss Addams of Hull House. 7.00 P. M. House of Commons. Gymnasium.
Sunday, February 14.—Rev. C. W. Julian.
Saturday, February 20.—Barn Swallows. Gymnasium.
Sunday, February 21.—Prof. George Harris of Andover.
Monday, February 22.—Glee Club Concert.
Saturday, February 27.—7.30 P. M. Agora, Open Meeting. Gymnasium.

SOCIETY NOTES.

The regular monthly meeting of the Agora was held in Elocution Hall, on January 16. The programme was as follows: —

Impromptu speeches.

The Greater New York Charter . .	Mary North, '97.
The Arbitration Treaty between the United States and England	Mabel P. Wall, '97.
Monetary Convention at Indianapolis .	Gertrude Devol, '97.
Recent Senate Nomination in New York .	Louise Hutcheson, '97.
The Trip of the President of France to Russia	Carrie Howell, '98.
Cecil Rhodes	Mary Capen, '98.
Recent Extension of Life Saving Service,	Miriam Hathaway, '97.
Paper upon the Rights of Congress . .	Elizabeth Seelman, '98.

The following is the programme of the Phi Sigma Society meeting held January 23:—

Æschylus.

I. Dramatic character of The Persians, The Suppliants, and The Seven Against Thebes	Clare von Wettberg.
II. Prometheus Bound — Outlined . .	Sarah Doyle.
III. Prometheus Bound — Interpreted . .	Mabel Eddy.

The Classical Society held an open meeting in Elocution Hall, on January 30, with the following programme: —

I. The Development of the Tragedy from Æschylus to Euripides . . . Marcia Smith.

II. Selections from the Three Great Tragedians:

a. Soliloquy from "Prometheus" of Æschylus . . . . . Isabel Thyng.

b. Ode from "Oedipus Coloneus" of Sophocles . . . . . Helen Bogart.

c. Recognition scene from "Iphigeneia in Tauris" of Euripides . . { Jane C. Finn. Harriet Carter. Ethelyn Price.

At a social meeting of the Society on January 19, Miss Hester D. Nichols was initiated.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Jan. 16.—Professor Coman lectured at four o'clock in the chapel on "Spain and the Cuban War." The lecture was one of the Current Topics course.

The Class of '99 had a Mother-goose Party in the gymnasium that evening for Ninety-nines only(?). The class history for the preceding year was given.

Jan. 17.—Rev. Wm. E. Barton, of Boston, preached in the chapel at 11 o'clock.

Jan. 20 was the third anniversary of the death of Helen Almira Shafer, who had been for five years President of the College.

Jan. 23.—A regular meeting of the Barn Swallows was held in the gymnasium at half-past seven o'clock in the evening. The programme was made up of scenes from "Cranford," and was as follows:—

1. The tea party at Miss Jenkyns'.
2. The visit to Mr. Holbrook.
3. The tea party at Miss Betty Barker's.
4. The preparations against burglars.
5. Jim Hearn and Martha.

The cast was:

Captain Brown	Mary Haskell, '97.
Miss Jenkyns	Geneva Crumb, '97.
Miss Matty	Daisy Flower, '97.
Miss Jessie Brown	Bertha Hart, 1900.
Miss Pole	Maud Almy, '98.
Miss Mary Smith	Clara Purdy, '98.
Mrs. Jamieson	Grace Hannum, '98.
Mr. Holbrook	Evelyn Taft, Sp.
Mrs. Forrester	Mary Neal, 1900.
Jim Hearn	Mary Haskell, '97.
Martha	Bertha Hart, 1900.
Miss Betty Barker	Louise Baldwin, '98.
Peggy	Geneva Crumb, '97.

Jan. 24.—Rev. H. M. King, of Providence, preached at the regular morning service, at eleven o'clock.

Jan. 25.—Mr. Henry E. Krehbiel lectured in the chapel on Monday evening, on "Richard Wagner and his Art." Mr. Krehbiel was assisted by Mr. John C. Manning, who played pianoforte adaptations of many selections from the Wagner operas.

Jan. 27.—Professor Wenckebach lectured at 4.15 in the chapel, on the Leit-motifs of Wagner's operas. Fräulein Margarethe Müller and Miss Eleanor Brooks, '98, played the principal motifs from most of the operas, while Professor Wenckebach explained them. This is the third year that Professor Wenckebach has given such a lecture for the benefit of the students who wish to gain a general knowledge of the structure of the operas, preparatory to the opening of the opera season in Boston. The lecture was largely attended.

In the evening Professor Bates received the members of the class in Literature XI. at her home in the village.

Jan. 28.—The Day of Prayer for Colleges. Rev. C. Cuthbert Hall, of Brooklyn, preached in the chapel in the morning at eleven o'clock.

Dr. Hall spent Friday, Saturday, and Sunday at the College.

Jan. 29.—The mid-year examinations began, to last until Saturday, February 6.

Jan. 30.—The Class of '99 challenged the Class of 1900 to a snow fight. The battle was fought in and around the fort which the freshmen had built on the Art Building Hill. Miss Dewson, '97, and Miss Barker, '98, were umpires. The attacking party was at a disadvantage, both because the looseness of the snow made it very difficult to pack the balls, and because the flag to be captured was placed high up in an inner corner of the Art Building wall, just where it could be entirely defended by a very few, provided those few could hold their ground. The freshmen understood the points in their own favor; and without making even a feint at defending the fort itself, allowed their assailants to enter almost unresisted, while they themselves formed a solid phalanx in the corner where the flag was hung. Three separate times a sophomore, lifted above the shoulders of her classmates, struggled long and valiantly to walk to the flag over the sea of freshmen heads or the side of the Art Building. But in vain. Despite the dryness of the snow, the freshmen were able to pelt the target thus raised so effectually that the girl in each case was finally beaten down. At the end of forty-five minutes the flag of 1900 still flew from the corner, and the victory was adjudged to the challenged. The fight had been capital, and unmarred by the mutual recriminations that lent an afterglow to that between '96 and '97. Only two girls were put out for "tackling"—one freshman and one sophomore, who, in the heat of a *tete-a-tete*, forgot decorum.

In the evening the Classical Society gave an open meeting. After a short informal reception, the following programme was presented:—

I. The Development of the Tragedy from Æschylus to Euripides . . . Marcia Smith.

II. Selections from the Three Great Tragedians:—

Soliloquy from "Prometheus" of Æschylus . . . . . Isabel Thyng.

Ode from "Oedipus Coloneus" of Sophocles . . . . . Helen Bogart.

Recognition scene from "Iphigenia in Tauris" of Euripides . . . Jane C. Finn. Harriet Carter. Ethelyn Price.

The evening closed with dancing and refreshments.

Jan. 31.—Rev. C. Cuthbert Hall, of Brooklyn, conducted the regular morning service in the chapel. The Sacrament of the Holy Communion was celebrated.

At the January meeting of the Scientific Club, Dr. Agnes Claypole read a paper on Movements of the Earth's Crust; their size and significance, and their bearing on World Evolution.

Feb. 1.—The members of Society Tau Zeta Epsilon visited Prang & Co.'s lithographing establishment, near Roxbury. Through the kindness of the managers in charge, they were able to observe most of the processes carried on in this factory, and to examine specimens of the work.

Owing to the heavy snowfalls of the past two weeks, the students have had little opportunity to enjoy the ice. For a great part of the time also the ice has been pronounced unsafe. There has been, so far, no coasting, and few sleighing parties, and the snow fight, together with the efforts of a few who are so fortunate as to possess snow shoes, have been our only bits of real winter sport during the examination period. Whether the new system of "credits," or unusually heavy schedules of elective courses, be the cause, certain it is that the students have had less leisure this year than at any examination period during the last four years, for out-of-door sports.

Several weeks ago, before the heavy snowfall, some workmen, in digging in the gravel-pits on the College grounds, just west of the chemistry laboratories, came upon an interesting find. A skeleton, probably that of a young Indian woman, was unearthed, and with it a pair of small old-fashioned scissors of English make. The skeleton has been given over to the charge of the Zoölogy Department, and will be examined by a specialist in Ethnology.

A tribute of a new sort has lately been paid to our Alma Mater. A waltz, entitled "The Wellesley Waltz," dedicated to the "Teachers and Students of Wellesley College," has just appeared. The author is Mr. Clarence S. Hall, and the waltz is published by the Ryder Music Publishing Company of Chelsea, Mass.

Mrs. Irvine is at home at Norumbega on Saturday evenings to receive all students.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, It has seemed right to our all-loving Father to take to Himself our friend and classmate, Agnes Sinclair Holbrook,

Resolved,—First, That as individuals and as members of the class of '92 of Wellesley College, we desire to express our loving appreciation of her versatile intellectual gifts, her attractive personality, and her loyal class fellowship; and that we extend to her bereaved family and large circle of personal friends our sincerest sympathy in their great trial.

Resolved,—Second, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE, and another to the family.

For the Class of '92,

M. GERTRUDE CUSHING.
LOUISE BROWN.
M. ALICE EMERSON.

Lucia Graeme Grieve, '83, is doing special work in Greek at Oxford University, England.

During the illness of the Professor of Greek in Colorado University, Mrs. Mary Gilman Ahlers, '88, has taken his classes.

Sophonisba P. Breckenridge, '88, has lately been admitted to the bar in Kentucky.

Susan Childs, '90, who is teaching in the Lynn, Mass., High School, visited Wellesley on January 23.

Katherine F. Gleason, '91, is studying for a second degree at the University of California.

Helen A. Pierce, '91, has established a school at her home in Newton, N. J.

Mary S. Ayres, formerly of '92, is teaching at Fort Benton, Montana. Address Box 152.

Jennie M. Deyo, '93, is in Los Angeles, Cal.

The address of Mrs. Edna Pressey Flagg, '94, is 92 Park Strect, Portland, Maine.

The engagement of Ethel Stanwood, '94, to Mr. Bolton, of Brookline, is announced.

Kate W. Nelson, '95, and Mary E. Field, '95, spent Sunday, Jan. 17, at the College. Miss Nelson has joined Superintendent Dutton's Training Class in Brookline.

Angie F. Wood, '96, is teaching in the Newport, R. I., High School.

Blanche S. Jacobs, '96, is teaching in a private school in Lowell, Mass. Her address is 279 Nesmith Street.

The engagement of Jessie M. Durrell, formerly of '97, to Mr. James Hubert Grover, of Lynn, Mass., is announced. The marriage will take place in June.

Katherine White, Sp., '82-85, visited the College on Feb. 1, 1897.

Louise H. R. Grieve, M.D., Sp., '83-84, is about to return after two years of very successful medical mission work in Ceylon. During a recent extended trip through India she was entertained by Mrs. Ruby Harding Fairbank, '83, and Mrs. Gertrude Chandler Wyckoff, '79.

Mary L. French, Sp., '86-88, is living on a ranch, at Pomona, Cal.

Mrs. Marjorie Spaulding Renfrew, Sp., '93-95, visited College last week.

Miss Sara Emerson, formerly Associate Professor of Old Testament History, spent Sunday in Wellesley.

The South California Wellesley Club was delightfully entertained by Miss Nancy K. Foster at her home in Los Angeles on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 31, 1896. The chief amusement of the afternoon was in solving the "Bishop of Oxford's Riddles." Miss Mira Jacobus, proving herself an expert in the art, was rewarded with a neatly framed picture of the Wellesley first floor centre. As usual, college songs were sung, and college changes discussed. Miss Maude B. Foster gave an interesting account of her visit at the College last spring and summer. During the afternoon the work of the

Settlement in Los Angeles was presented, and it was decided to form a Wellesley Chapter. The members of the Club present were: Mrs. Mary Merriam Coman, '84, of Pasadena, Miss French, '86-88, of Pomona, Misses Shields, '92-93, Deyo, '93, Jacobus, '88-91, Nancy K. Foster, '83-85, Leona Lebus, '89, Bertha Lebus, '91, Davis, '83-84, of Los Angeles, and Aurelia Harwood, '83-86, of Ontario.

The midwinter social meeting of the Worcester Wellesley Club took the form of an afternoon tea, which was given Jan. 5, 1897, at the home of Mrs. Florence Schofield Thayer. Among the guests of the afternoon were five of the Worcester girls now at Wellesley, and several high school seniors, who are thinking of going to Wellesley. Letters of regret were read from Mrs. Durant, Professor Lord, and Dr. Webster. The present membership of the Club is almost sixty. The Club is very glad to welcome Mrs. Anna Stockbridge Tuttle, '80, who, as wife of the pastor of the Union Congregational Church, has recently come to Worcester. The officers of the Club for this year are: president, Mrs. Mary Jenks Page, '89; vice president, Harriet R. Pierce, '88; secretary and treasurer, Mary W. Lincoln, '93.

The Wellesley Club met on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 23, 1897, with Miss Morse, at her beautiful home, 4804 Greenwood Avenue, Kenwood, Chicago. Miss Ada Belfield, the president, presided. A new constitution was read and discussed. Miss Peabody was elected vice president, and Miss Ellen Capps, secretary. Refreshments were served after the business meeting. Those present were: Misses Belfield, Pitkin, Brooks, Wilkinson, Ferris, Rhodes, Stinson, Capps, Pike, Caryl, Neuberger; Mesdames Bryant, Weir, Elizabeth Mayse Christy, Grace Gruber Cloyes. Miss Charlotte T. Sibley was a guest of the Club.

MARRIAGES.

Ward-Smeallie.—Dec. 29, 1896, Miss Flora A. Smeallie, '86, to Mr. Frank M. Ward. At home, 145 Oak Street, Binghamton, N. Y.

Montgomery-Williamson.—In Chicago, Jan. 11, 1897, Miss Caroline L. Williamson, '89, to Dr. Frank Hugh Montgomery. At home after Mar. 1, 1897, 3230 Michigan Avenue.

SMYTH-MCCHESNEY.—On Nov. 7, 1896, Miss Anna Kimbey McChesney, '96, to Mr. Paul Howard Smyth.

KEMPFER-NEWCOMB.—In Worcester, Mass., Jan. 1, 1897, Miss Marietta Newcomb, Sp., '89-90, to Mr. Jacobus Frei Kempfer.

FENTRESS-ADDEMAN.—In Providence, R. I., Jan. 7, 1897, Miss Grace Louise Addeman to Mr. James Fentress. At home, 118 Pine Street, Chicago, Ill.

BIRTHS.

In Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 26, 1897, a daughter to Mrs. Anna Robertson Brown Lindsay, '83.

At Pasadena, Cal., Nov. 13, 1896, a son, Seymour Ellis, to Mrs. Mary Merriam Coman, '84.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 11, 1897, a daughter, Isabel Deming, to Mrs. Annie Preston Bassett, formerly of '89.

In Waltham, Mass., Nov. 13, 1896, a son to Mrs. Helen Nourse Jackson, '89.

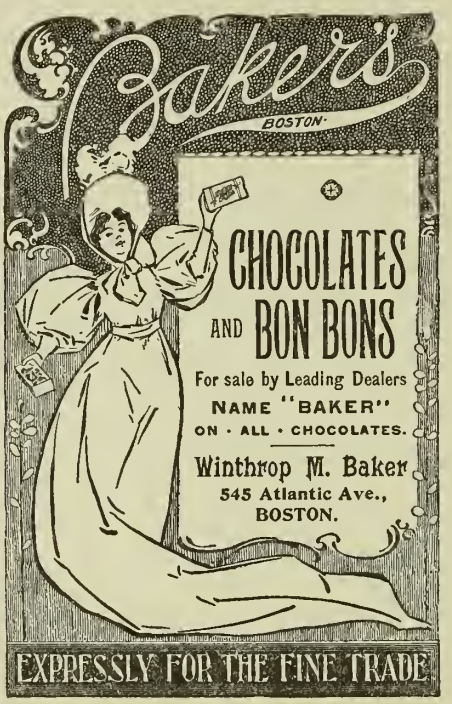
In Umballa, Punjab, India, Dec. 10, 1896, a son to Mrs. Katherine Conner Fisher, '95.

DEATHS.

In Arlington, Mass., Jan. 31, 1896, the mother of Henrietta E. Hardy, '90.

In Plainfield, N. J., Nov. 15, 1896, the father of S. Lena Bass, '90.

In Lake Park, Minn., Jan. 20, 1897, Mr. Thomas Hawley Canfield, father of Marion Canfield, '94.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Photographer to the Class of '97

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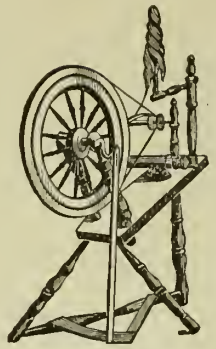

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